

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.

SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

Censure from an Enemy; Advice from a Friend.

The Sun, in anger at the Herald's comments on the strike in the Sun office, prints from day to day a scathing arraignment of the Herald's personals. Among its serial remarks on the subject, the following are by no means the most severe:

The Herald's violation of the law is officially regarded as a very serious matter. Indeed, it is not impossible that Mr. Bennett can be compelled to spend a term in Sing Sing. The highest courts have decided that such "personals" as appear in the Herald are lewd, lascivious and obscene, and one newspaper proprietor as unscrupulous as Mr. Bennett, not as wealthy, Joseph R. Dunlop, of the Chicago Dispatch, who conducted a large and flourishing newspaper in Chicago, was sent to Joliet in 1896 for insisting, in defiance of the law, on publishing personals which read as though they had been clipped from the Herald.

Unhappily all that the Sun says is true, but the attack would have come with greater force if the reason for it had not been so selfish. The Journal has for some time, without any ill-will toward the Herald, endeavored to persuade Mr. Bennett to abolish the Herald's evil Personal column, which is a disgrace not only to himself and his paper, but to the whole journalistic profession. Journalism should be the most honorable profession in the world. The business of enlightening the minds of the people on all the interesting and important events in every land in our news columns, and of preaching Truth and Justice, Progress and Patriotism to an audience of a million readers, is a matter which the Journal takes very seriously and performs—however imperfectly—with great pride.

We honor and respect the journalistic profession. We want to see it honored and respected everywhere. We would like to see the press of New York lead in making the profession honorable and estimable, and we hope that, inasmuch as the Herald is one of the first papers in the metropolis, it will see the necessity of discontinuing its contemptible Personal column.

Mr. Bennett would not run a hotel a very considerable part of which was a cosmopolitan assignation house of the lowest and vilest description.

How can he run a newspaper with an assignation annex?

How can he take the first page of his newspaper and practically print thereon an announcement saying: "I will sacrifice the great opportunities for Morality and Righteousness of this great paper, and for a few dirty dollars I will deliver over its columns to the pimp, the pander and the prostitute. I will allow all that is evil to invade the homes of my readers, there to tempt every weak woman and to insult every virtuous woman."

CAN journalism be respected when a great newspaper of a great city permits the very sewage of vice and crime to flow through its columns to the corruption of many minds and the destruction of many homes?

It would advantage the editors of New York to themselves pay to Mr. Bennett every dollar that he would lose by abolishing the Herald's Personal column, rather than suffer him to continue it to the disgrace of the profession.

THE PLATFORM OF THE NEW LABOR PARTY.

Third parties are absolutely ineffective in this country and totally opposed to the spirit of our people. For weal or for woe we must trust to one or the other of our two great parties, that in one form or another have persisted since the inauguration of our Government and Constitution.

Consequently we have no faith whatever in the new labor party started by General Master Workman Parsons as a result of the late strikes. That is to say, we are convinced that the party will gain no election on its own account or materially influence voters away from either the Democratic or the Republican party.

But the labor party may have important influence and do great good by its effect upon the platforms of the old organizations.

We notice with great satisfaction that it was the consensus of opinion among the leaders of this new party, as manifested in speeches delivered the other night, that the question of municipal ownership should be made a salient feature of the party's platform. It is evident that this principle is today uppermost in the minds of organized labor and will undoubtedly form the keynote of their political propaganda.

This must be reckoned the really important result of the recent strikes. They have served to crystallize the thoughts of our workmen in this direction, and enable them to see in municipal ownership some tangible progressive step now within their grasp.

We hope that this idea will gain strength enough in a year to compel the Democratic party, which must rely on the votes of labor, to make public ownership and management of public utilities a principal plank in its national and local platforms of 1904.

PROTECTION AGAINST SMALLPOX.

The Board of Health of Everett, Mass., has ordered that every man, woman and child in the city be vaccinated, as a protection against the spread of smallpox, a case having been discovered.

There is small danger of an epidemic of this once dreaded disease. Improved methods of sanitation, together with vaccination, have almost annihilated it.

Vaccination has many opponents who assert that it has had nothing to do with the diminution of smallpox, but instead has been the source of much harm. Without doubt there have been many cases of diseases contracted from impure lymph; yet on the whole vaccination has undoubtedly caused more benefit than injury.

In Leicester, England, anti-vaccination agitation is very strong, and many avoid compliance with the law. A few years ago smallpox visited that vicinity, and the mortality in Leicester was five times greater than in adjoining vaccinated towns.

The French-Canadians have always avoided vaccination as much as possible. In 1885 a Pullman conductor having a very light case of smallpox was carried into Montreal, and from him the contagion spread with frightful rapidity. In nine months 3,164 persons died, and for over six months business was practically paralyzed.

Germany enforces a compulsory vaccination law with great rigor. In 1871, before the law was enacted, 143,000 died of smallpox. To-day the mortality in a year from that disease is only 118.

There are many other evidences that, although improved sanitary conditions have assisted in mitigating the ravages of small-

pox, vaccination has been the principal instrument in banishing it from civilized countries.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

OOM PAUL KRUGER, like another Caesar, depends less upon argument in dealing with disaffected subjects than upon the persuasion of his Pretorian Guard.

TIME'S REVENGE has come at last. France shouts, with Zola and Dooley, "A base Mercier! Jackuse Clam Patty!"

NEW YORK, the biggest settlement of the Western World, can produce some of the smallest things extant. For instance, the New York Baseball Club and the Van Wyck boom.

OUR EXCELLENT FRIEND, the London Saturday Review, thinks that it would be a good thing for the South American Republics to combine against the United States. When that little affair is arranged the next thing in order will be a combination of the planets against the sun.

JUSTICE TO CHILDREN.

Children Be Disciplined?"

Editor Evening Journal:

As you remark in your able editorial, the tales of cruelty and imprisonment of children prove that men and women in their dealings with children are lower than savages and infinitely inferior in wisdom to the brute beasts, which obey their normal instincts.

I attribute my failure in life to my father's brutality. He would beat me unmercifully on the slightest or no provocation whatever. The result was that I became a most accomplished liar at an early age to escape his thrashings. When it was time for me to go into the world and shift for myself, I was already a clinging sycophant. I fawned from fear of every one, because I was broken spirited at nineteen.

ONE OF LIFE'S FAILURES.

Unfortunately there are only too many parents who have as little understanding of the needs of their children's natures as had this brutal father.

The child who is frequently and cruelly beaten soon learns to bend all his energies to the attainment of one object—the avoidance of the suffering he dreads. A child under such circumstances invariably and inevitably becomes what this man did, an "accomplished liar."

A child who is constantly condemned will come to feel that he can do nothing right. He loses the self-confidence which is absolutely essential in a successful struggle with life. Many of the world's failures might have been capable, useful, energetic men and women had they not been robbed in childhood of self-respect and faith in themselves.

A Remarkable Letter from a Workingman.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I am a workman in the General Electric Company works, and have not yet learned to use the English language correctly, because I have had to work for my living all the time ever since I, about six years ago, came over to this country; but I will try to do the best I can to make myself understood.

Here come the answers on the principal questions by the atheist:

First Question—If God is everywhere, why does not He let Himself show up, just to give us a chance to look at Him?

Answer—God does "show up." There is nothing in the world in which God does not show up in one or the other way. Of course it would only be a waste of time to tell an atheist how he could perceive God in the stars on the sky, in the thunder and lightning, in the storm, in snow and ice, in the groves and valleys, in the clear little dew drops on the flowers, in forest and fields, in the ice flowers on the window pane in Winter time.

God is a spirit, "tied up" in the universe in a similar manner as Mr. "Truth's" "Ego" is tied up in his own body. Any one who comes in connection with Mr. T. and his doings perceives very well that it is something else than Mr. T.'s body who dictates Mr. T.'s doings; this something else is, of course, Mr. T.'s Ego, his spirit, his mind, his thinker, or, in one word, his own HIMSELF. And any one can to a certain extent in Mr. T.'s doings see his character.

If we now turn our attention from Mr. T. (the Microcosmos) to Macrocosmos, the universe, we may very distinctly perceive the Ego of the universe—of course infinitely much greater and mysterious than Mr. T.'s Ego.

Second Question—If He is the ruler of rulers, why does He permit such a misuse as we are affected by nowadays?

Answer—God is the ruler of rulers in the universe in the same manner as Mr. T.'s Ego is the ruler of rulers in his own body—ruler over myriads and myriads of cells, molecules and atoms, and no permits them to do misuse.

He permits the molecule of oxygen to destroy and devour the molecules of carbon, which by this action destroy and build up milliards of cells.

Every second of life there is going on a battle, a waste of materials, a suffering. The atoms in the molecules of oxygen suffer when they are "broken up" to be united with other suffering atoms in the molecule of carbon, only for building up combinations of different order.

As it is in the human body ruled by its Ego, so it is in the universe, where the great Ego, the mysterious Causeless Cause, is ruling.

What does it matter, after all, if the humanity suffers? It is in the most cases its own fault. It is, of course, very painful to a sensitive mind to see and partake in the suffering, but as intellectual beings we have to do the best we can, to do practical help as far as we can and wherever we can.

We know that the nebula we call the Milky Way, with all its stars or suns, is perishing; consequently our sun, too, in order to build up new worlds of higher or lower order. And since all that is done, there is infinitely less disturbance done to the universe than is done to our own body when one molecule in it is devoured by another.

Third Question—When He (God) created the first man, if it be true that He was a philosopher, why did He not create him perfect?

Answer—God never created anything. There never was a time when the boundless space was empty. When the Milky Way, with all its stars, was not there, there was on other places countless millions of nebulae. The astronomers know of something around 4,000 or 5,000 (only few of them visible to the naked eye). Some are old and perishing like the Milky way and the nebula in the constellation "The Hunting Dog." Some are young and "growing up" like the nebula in the constellation Orion. They are like flowers on a meadow—they grow up and last a little time and then die. But there are always other flowers growing near by.

What we call creation is evolution, and as such is the case nothing is perfect. All things are gradually passing over from one form to another, higher or lower, to fit circumstances. Man at present seems to be destined to higher development, but he will never become perfect—there will always be something still higher to aim at. Man is the highest being of the animal kingdom. He was and is yet in many ways an animal, but he became a thinker about eighteen million years ago, and his mind commenced to reflect the higher mind of the universe in about the same manner as a drop of water reflects the rays of the sun.

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MR. BRYAN AS A CARTOONIST.

[The Idea for This Cartoon Was Suggested to Mr. Davenport by William J. Bryan.]



1860 1899
FROM LINCOLN TO HANNA--HAS THE
REPUBLICAN PARTY COME TO THIS?

SOCIETY NOT ABOVE WIFE BEATING! CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER
CITES A CASE IN POINT.

ND still they come! Another application for divorce in high life—or if not in la plus haute gomme, at least sufficiently raised above the normal altitude to create a sensation when I make it known.

And the cause? Wife beating!

It is all too dreadful. Wife beating among coal heavers and longshoremen is sufficiently reprehensible to always arouse the indignation of Bob Cornell and other good fellows who sit on police court benches, but when this brutal pastime is indulged in by men of wealth and position, and the victim is a beautiful young woman of grace and refinement, the offence takes on the deepest dye of villainy.

I AM telling now of the matrimonial infidelities of a very well known couple who have been married some four or five years and have at least one token of their early love.

He has been eccentric ever since his college days at Yale, in the early '70s. He inherited a fortune, which he has largely increased by clever speculation in real estate, for, like many another eccentric, he has a keen eye to the main chance. He has travelled much, getting as far as Russia, where he became deeply interested in the Russian trotting horse, which he imported largely to this country, and finally received an appointment from the Russian Government as its horse agent in the United States.

THE young wife—some twenty years younger than her husband, who is about forty-six—comes of an aristocratic Spanish family that has lived quietly in New York for many years. She is extremely pretty in the style of her countrywomen, with svelte figure, languishing black eyes and jet black hair, but without a most peach-like skin.

Her engagement to the rich eccentric was a surprise to everybody, and was quickly followed by the wedding.

Then came the inevitable struggle to get into society—that society that one reads about at Newport, at the old Patriarchs and Assemblies. The first step, taken by many others before, was to carry the outworks of the inner circle by a campaign at Newport.

Two years ago a big stone villa not far from the Casino was rented by the apparently loving couple, and the husband did the whole house over, much to the gratification of the absentee landlord.

Then followed a succession of dinners and luncheons, for which the highways and byways were beaten for guests. The extreme beauty of the young hostess and the quality of mine host's wines and cigars attracted a certain class of convives, but it was uphill work, and long before the season closed the stone villa was closed, and perhaps the seeds of subsequent events were laid in that first social disappointment at Newport.

After a rather quiet and socially uneventful Winter in New York, papa, mamma et bébé tried Bar Harbor last Summer, with rather better success, and then, seemingly well contented with each other, went abroad early this Spring.

THE scene now shifts to the Hotel Brighton, rue de Rivoli, Paris, right opposite the Tuilleries Gardens.

Toward early bed hour shrieks of pain and fright were heard issuing from the apartments of



The Wife Beater in High Life.

the eccentric American and his beautiful wife. Her maid rushed into Madam's bedroom to find the husband giving his wife a good, old-fashioned beating, using his fists freely on her peach-blow face.

Flying to her mistress's aid, the maid immediately got her dose of the same medicine, and mingled her yells with those of Madam. The house was aroused, the police appeared, and Monsieur was put under lock and key for the night.

Regarding his freedom the next morning—for the French attach little importance to these family jars—the husband took the first ship for America, leaving his wife behind, and is now said to be aiding his eccentricities on a farm in Tennessee.

The wife came home to her people as soon as her ruffled nerves permitted, and immediately filed papers for an absolute divorce. She is at present, I believe, at Southampton, with her infant, and naturally receives the condolences of all her friends.

She is certain to get her divorce, and will be one of the most attractive divorcees, as she is young and beautiful, and not even a shadow of a suspicion attaches to her fair name.

Almost anything but wife beating can be tolerated in society, and when this plain statement of facts is read it is likely that New York will become an altogether undesirable place for the man who could raise his hand against anything so dainty as this young wife.

It is not often that we find a peer of the realm

In holy orders. The fat offices of the Church are usually settled upon younger sons and collateral relatives.

The fact that the Marquis of Normanby is a

priest of the Anglican Church only makes the exception to the general rule more remarkable.

By the tragic death of the Earl of Stafford, who married Cora Colgate, of this city, the title and earldom was supposed to descend to his younger brother, Rev. the Honorable Rymg, a middle-aged clergyman with a country parish.

But soft! I hear a delightful rumor, and well authenticated, too, that Lady Stafford has great expectations; that the stork is hovering over Stafford House in St. James's square.

To paraphrase an old Yale song—

Oh, if it is a girl, sir,
We'll dress her up in blue
And send her up to Buckingham
Her Majesty to view.
But if it is a boy, sir,
We'll yell a view-halloo,
And he shall sit amid the peers,
As his daddy used to do.

It is indeed good news and, coming from an authentic source, will bring joy to the Countess of Stafford's innumerable American friends, however much of a damper it may be to the Reverend and Honorable Rymg.

ONE of those dear creatures who would not be half so dear were they not so silly said to me yesterday:

"Cholly, what do you mean by bridge whist on the Valiant? You don't mean to say they play cards up on the bridge, do you? I should think the cards and money would all blow away!"

Of course they would, but that isn't what bridge whist means. It is a game that must be played in the silence and the secrecy of the cabin below.

They do say that stakes are not as high now on the Valiant, either at poker or bridge, as when "Bob" and Ogden Goelet, Frank Lawrence, Frank Riggs, Duncan Elliot, Harry Hollins and Winfield Hoyt used to form the party.

Ten dollar limit at poker and five cent points at bridge whist are the usual stakes nowadays. Willie K. is too liberal a host to expect his innumerable friends of to-day to stack up against his indisputable skill and unlimited resources.

If men want to gamble high they must go to the tiger's on Bath road, where it will be remembered a young fellow just out of college lost \$20,000 at one night's sitting at baccarat and had to retire from society until by a brave struggle and self-denial he was able to pay up.

SPEAKING of Duncan Elliot, now a second lieutenant in the Twenty-sixth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Plattsburg, reminds me that a letter just received from him by a friend gives a none too glowing account of life in the barracks as compared with his former round of pleasures when he was spending money so well, but not too wisely.

He writes that he and his fellow officers are impatiently awaiting orders to proceed to Manila, which are expected about September 5.

Mrs. Elliot is with her sister, Mrs. Appleton, at Bar Harbor, with her children. She has either got or is soon to get her divorce, but this is another of those cases which have been so quietly conducted and screened from all publicity that no one seems to know exactly what condition they are in.

Of course, social sympathy is entirely with the charming woman, but there is such a remarkable glamor about the Heroeas (always with a big H) of this war, that if "Dunk," as he is still called by his intimates, does really go to Manila and survives the effort, he is certain to be rehabilitated by society, even if he does not become one of its special pets.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.